

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1907.—Copyright, 1907, by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

COLONEL OF THE WATERFLOW

MIKE PADDEN DUE TO BE CALLED COMMODORE.

Navy Has Lost Its Grip on Title and the Sullivan Are Safe to Annex Anything in the Way of It. Wonder That He Will Work So Hard for \$4,000 a Year.

If you don't happen to believe that Col. Michael C. Padden, military secretary to Minister Big Tim Sullivan and commander of the irregular corps of the Bowery and adjacent neighborhoods, is, as Mayor McEllan has called him, the best Water Register this city has ever had, take a bit of advice and refrain from arguing with the Water Register about it. Disputation is Col. Padden's long suit. He will undertake to prove anything except that the Sullivan is what they should be. And he will undertake to prove anything except that the Sullivan is guilty of anything from impotence to infidelity.

Col. Mike's friends declare that he is getting the city more money for his water service than it ever has before. They say nothing of what the city plumbers are getting; and that he has covered a lot of grafters that have for years been getting water for nothing and has made them give up. In short, they declare that Col. Mike, though nobody despises a reformer any more than he is, is endeavoring to prove to show that a Sullivan man can run an important city office in a manner that any reformer might envy.

Col. Mike is obviously enjoying himself in wading through work. It's likely that he hasn't had so much fun in office, and he has held several offices since the time Mayor Grant appointed him City Librarian, a place for which Padden prepared himself by a prolonged course of study in the well known educational institutions of Cherry Hill. Col. Padden himself has been interested in water for some time. Early in his life, as an East Side boy, he shared the notion prevalent at that quarter that water was made to wash wagons with. But his ideas expanded and along in the late '90s they had reached such a pitch of development that he had on onyx bathtub added to his apartments in the Occidental Hotel, at Broome street and the Bowery.

The money for this extraordinary affair came from a \$100 bet that Little Tim Sullivan made with Padden, the latter wagering that Mayor Van Wyck wouldn't turn the first shovel of earth for the subway construction. From the bathtub to the office of Water Register was obviously the next logical step. And since the Water Register has now got a boat of his own for the purpose of snaring tugboat captains who steal water from the city, it wouldn't be surprising if his military title were soon abandoned in favor of a naval one.

Col. Mike has an idea that he is a sort of newspaper man, a notion that has firmly persisted with him ever since the days when as a boy he used to pull out in a rowboat to incoming ships and take off marine despatches of sorts for James Gordon Bennett. In fact, it's likely that the only thing that has prevented him from becoming a real literateur is the unpleasant shock he got one day while he was City Librarian and was ordered out of his own office in the library by one of his assistants who didn't recognize him.

But Padden's old friends have always had the utmost confidence in his ability. Only the other day an elderly Irish woman who had some kick to make about her bill for city water wandered into the office of the Water Register and there got forwarded up to the private office of the Register himself. As she looked at the Colonel, her eyes started out of her head. When she was able to speak she ejaculated:

"For the love of sweet Heaven, Mickey Padden, what are you doing here?"

"I'm the main guy here now, all right, Mrs. Casey," answered the Colonel, recognizing an old neighbor of boyhood days.

"Well," said his caller as soon as she could get her breath, "I always thought you would amount to something if you kept out of jail."

Col. Mike's office is a busy place these days and the Water Register sees a good many people in the course of the day's business. The other day while he was listening to the complaint of a man who had been ordered to move his meter and didn't want to do it, two men came in to solicit alms. Col. Mike dived into his pocket and produced a five dollar bill and a two dollar bill.

"Sister," said he, "is Friday the thirteenth an I'm unlucky enough to get nailed with a two spot, instead of a one. Send guess it's yours."

"God bless you, Mr. Padden," said the sister as she departed.

"Same to you, sister," replied Col. Mike, softly. "An' now about that meter. He went on, turning to the man with the kick. "Fix up your meter, you know it change an' you know it. Seven days you have it do it. Good day."

It is evident that discipline of no mean order prevails in the Water Register's office, as of course should be the case under any man with a military title. The other day the Colonel came into the office and over some complaint that the head of some other city department had made regarding a delay in the Water Register's office, he announced that the complaining official had stated that one of Col. Mike's subordinates had admitted that the fault was his. Col. Mike went after that subordinate rough shod, and he wound up by despatching him to the complaining official to demonstrate that the fault was not in the office of the Water Register.

"Now, git along! Hike out!" he snorted. "Ketch something on this office, will they? Why they couldn't ketch him on his office!"

Col. Mike's naval work he is particularly proud of. Within a few days after he took office he made inspection trips along the waterfront that demonstrated to him that all inspectors employed by the city to prevent the tugboat captains from

stealing water from the pier hydrants were incompetent if not dishonest. The canal boat district at South Ferry was especially full of trouble.

"What d'ye do with the tugboats that take water from the pier hydrants?" he asked one inspector.

"Why, I chase 'em away," said the inspector.

"Chase nothing!" cried Col. Mike. "What good is that? They only sneak off to some other pier and rob this hydrant there. I want those guys arrested."

Up at Pier 20, East River, the Colonel asked the inspector of that district where was the hydrant on that pier.

"There ain't no hydrant here," answered the inspector.

"The hell there ain't!" said Col. Mike. "Why I used to wash me foot under it when I was a dock rat." He found it too, carefully hidden away beneath the pier, where it had for a long time done good service for the water thieves of the river.

The upshot of the Colonel's investigations along this line was a new system dealing with the marine water thieves. He hunted the eleven water inspectors, got a government list of all the steam vessels plying thereabout, and levied a tax on all of them according to their boiler capacities and their steam pressure.

Employers of this office then went grumbling about the harbor and the two rivers. They are still grumbling. Whenever they receive a steam vessel that isn't registered as having a water register license to use city water they follow it. The Water Register has been sometimes at attempts to escape, but it is followed until it has to give in or blow up because of lack of water in its boiler.

"A lot of 'em try to tell me," said Col. Mike the other day, "that they go to Col. Mike for water. I tell 'em, 'I don't know you, you bet. And if my folks ketch 'em taking our water only just once they'll take out a license for the whole six months term.'"

In 1906, the first year of Col. Mike's incumbency, the river tugboats paid \$2,428 for their water. Against \$3,238 the year before, an increase of over \$7,000, and the increase for 1907 will be still greater. The receipts for this month are very heavy for the first eleven months of 1907 to have been \$3,394,444, an increase of nearly \$300,000 over the corresponding period in 1906. The receipts for this month are very heavy so far, so that the total increase for the year will probably be not far short of \$500,000.

The New York Central Railroad is contributing to this increase about \$15,000 a year for the use of city hydrants in its upper West side yards.

"They tried to bluff me out of it," said the Colonel, "but I had photographs taken of their men sewing the water and putting it aboard their tugs." He exhibited several such photographs. They looked like good evidence.

With all his activities Col. Mike manages to bestow the same care upon his personal appearance that has won him the name of the Berry Wall of the East Side, and he still remains about the only man who can always, if he so disposed, tell you where you can find Mister Big Tim Sullivan. But if you happen to have the pleasure of his acquaintance you will never find him too busy to take you to the penitentiary. It is almost certain to be discovered. He will in fact take any side of any question and establish it entirely to the satisfaction of at least one of the parties to the controversy.

Just how the device he can afford to do all this for his salary of \$1,600 a year is a matter for discussion. Though there may be various views on that point, Col. Mike's friends will tell you that he loves his job, and that he is determined to furnish a conspicuous instance of efficiency in office.

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CURING CHRISTMAS WRINKLES

PERFUMES HELP TO SMOOTH THE SHOPPER'S BROW.

Shopping Wrinkles Worse Than Worry Wrinkles—Treatment Found Effective in India and in Paris—Hot Water and Massage to Ensure a Smooth Skin.

Christmas wrinkles come thick and fast into the faces of the holiday shoppers. One way to get rid of them is to use the perfume cure.

Spicy pink perfume of any variety in good for the nerves of the eyes. The nervous wrinkles that come around the temples can be treated with liberal doses of spicy scent and hot water. The treatment is very pleasant.

The patient who comes home tired after shopping settles herself comfortably in a darkened and well ventilated room. She takes a big basin of steaming water, in which there is just enough of the spicy perfume to send out an aromatic odor. This is placed upon a low table. At intervals she wrings out a sponge in the perfume water and presses it to the temples. In fifteen minutes the throbbing nerves are quiet and the wrinkles gone.

Shopping wrinkles are insistent, and the woman whose wrinkles take the form of up and down lines between the eyes is especially unfortunate. For these try the soap cure.

Smooth your forehead and apply hot water to it until the skin is warmed through. Spread enough soap jelly on the skin to make a thick lather. This should be allowed to dry.

In a short time the skin will feel hard and stiff. Now is the time to spray off the lather leaving the forehead quite clean and smooth. It does not take long and the results are good. Some powder will conceal whatever trace is left of the wrinkles.

In India, where the women have to work to stay young, they have a way of treating wrinkles. The treatment is done entirely with scented oil, which is massaged into the forehead and parted in with the palms of the hands.

There is a beauty shop where they take the pure oil of sweet almonds and scent it with the sweetest of attar of roses. With this they give the forehead the massage.

There is a woman who each afternoon rubs cold cream into her forehead wrinkles. Then she lies a strip of linen tightly round her head and lies down to take a nap.

The treatment acts like magic upon her lines, for she awakens with a forehead as pure and smooth as that of a baby. It has the soft, creamy tint which women admire.

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this they give the forehead the massage of India. The scented oil is warmed and rubbed into the forehead lines until the brow is as smooth as that of a girl.

Making the forehead smooth is one of the much studied arts of the beauty doctor. In these days when the hair is lifted and waved it is necessary that the brow should be attractive.

The heavy English fringe is all right for those who can wear it, but it is not becoming to the heavy faced woman. The woman with a long oval visage may possibly wear it well, but it is much better to have a nice forehead so that the heavy fringe is not necessary.

The Christmas shopper who comes home tired will notice the brown spots that gather on her forehead in a few days. They are called liver spots, but really they are wrinkle spots, and they must be taken out by the proper treatment.

A cut tomato rubbed over the spots while they are young will bleach them, but a few times a better. Over this should be spread some cold cream, and then the forehead should be treated with hot applications.

Shopping wrinkles are dreaded by women for the reason that they are so insistent. They do not sleep themselves away like other wrinkles. Even the weary wrinkles will disappear in a night, but the shopping wrinkle is as it is carved in the skin.

If you were in Paris and went to a beauty shop to have such wrinkles removed they would give you a glass of sweet wine and they would smooth your forehead with cold cream thinned down to a mere wash. This file up the furrows for the time being, and the beautiful women of Paris go upon the principle that if you keep constantly at your wrinkles they will never trouble you by becoming very deep.

The woman whose forehead is beginning to show deep furrows should always wear a hat. It keeps her from cooling, for it shades her eyes.

If wrinkles persist in coming they should be massaged away the night at night and the new Parisian treatment should be applied to them. The forehead is massaged with hot water and then it is smeared with a complexion paste much resembling glove paste. Over it is tied a strip of linen so as to keep the forehead smooth during the night. With this treatment the wrinkles go away very rapidly.

There is a woman who each afternoon rubs cold cream into her forehead wrinkles. Then she lies a strip of linen tightly round her head and lies down to take a nap.

The treatment acts like magic upon her lines, for she awakens with a forehead as pure and smooth as that of a baby. It has the soft, creamy tint which women admire.

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